

The stony girthes of Citties: me thy puple,  
Yongest follower of thy Drom, instruct this day  
With military skill, that to thy lawde  
I may advance my Streamer, and by thee,  
Be stil'd the Lord o'th day, give me great Mars  
Some token of thy pleasure.

*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard  
clanging of Armor, with a short Thunder as the burst of  
a Battaile, whereupon they all rise and bow to the Altar.*

O Great Corrector of enormous times,  
Shaker of ore-rank States, thou grand decider  
Of dustie, and old tytles, that healt with blood  
The earth when it is sicke, and curst the world  
O'th pluresie of people; I doe take  
Thy signes auspiciously, and in thy name  
To my designe; march boldly let us goe. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former obser-*  
*vance.*

*Pal.* Our stars must glister with new fire, or be  
To daie extinct; our argument is love,  
Which if the goddesse of it grant, she gives  
Victory too, then blend your spirits with mine,  
You, whose free noblenesse doe make my cause  
Your personall hazard; to the goddesse *Venus*  
Commend we our proceeding, and implore  
His power unto our partie. *Here they kneele as formerly.*  
Haile Sovereigne Queene of secrets, who hast power  
To call the feircest Tyrant from his rage;  
And weepe unto a Girle; that ha'st the might  
Even with an ey-glance, to choke *Mars's* Drom  
And turne th'allarme to whispers, that canst make  
A Cripple flourish with his Crutch, and cure him  
Before *Apollo*; that may'st forcethe King  
To be his subjects vassaile, and induce  
Stale gravitie to daunce, the pould Bachelour  
Whose youth like wonton Boyes through Bonfyres  
Have skipt thy flame, at seaventy, thou canst catch  
And make him to the scorne of his hoarse throat

Abuse

Abuse yong laies of love; what godlike power  
Hast thou not power upon? To *Phabus* thou  
Add'st flames, hotter then his the heavenly fyres  
Did scotch his mortall Son, chine him; the huntresse  
All moyst and cold, some say began to throw  
Her Bow away, and sigh: take to thy grace  
Me thy vowd Souldier, who doe beare thy yoke  
As t'wer a wreath of Roses, yet is heavier  
Then Lead it selfe, stings more than Nettles;  
I have never beene foule mouthd against thy law,  
Nev'r reveald secret, for I knew none; would not  
Had I kend all that were; I never practised  
Vpon mans wife, nor would the Libells reade  
Of liberall wits: I never at great feastes  
Sought to betray a Beautie, but have blush'd  
At simpring Sirs that did: I have beene harsh  
To large Confessors, and have hotly ask'd them  
If they had Mothers, I had one, a woman,  
And women t'wer they wrong'd. I knew a man  
Of eightie winters, this I told them, who  
A Lasse of foureteene bridged; twas thy power  
To put life into dust, the aged Crampe  
Had screw'd his square foote round,  
The Gout had knit his fingers into knots,  
Torturing Convulsions from his globie eyes,  
Had almost drawne their spheeres, that what was life  
In him seem'd torture: this Anatomie  
Had by his yong faire pheare a Boy, and I  
Beleev'd it was his, for she swore it was,  
And who would not beleeve her? brieft I am  
To those that prate and have done; no Companion  
To those that boast and have not; a defyer  
To those that would and cannot; a Rejoycer,  
Yea him I doe not love, that tells close offices  
The fowlest way, nor names concealements in  
The boldest language, such a one I am,  
And vow that lover never yet made sigh  
Truer then I. O then most soft sweet goddesse

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